Marina Pedini

Immigration Assignment

September 13, 2010

On my mother’s side of the family I am Polish, and German. My Babcia’s (polish for grandmother) grandparents were from Poland. They, however, lived in Russia occupied Poland where the Russians controlled everything, and because of this the Polish were unable to speak or read their own language. My great, great, grandfather however had kept a secret collection of Polish books that he would lend out to others. Word got out and the Russians found out about the books, he was arrested and thrown into jail. He told his wife to send their kids, one being my great grandmother, to the U.S. to be safe. So she did exactly that, sending her two daughters to New York where they then finally settled in Philadelphia, PA. They traveled by boat yet were wealthy enough to skip stopping at Ellis Island. They arrived in the U.S. in 1916, shortly before World War II. Now my grandfather’s side of the family is German. My great, great, great, great grandparents were from Baden Baden, Germany. The real reason for their departure from Germany to the U.S. isn’t accurate but it’s thought that it dealt with their marriage. My great, great, great, great grandparents came from families of different wealth, making it impossible to be married. So together they left for The U.S. in 1850 and settled also in Philadelphia, PA. My ancestors came over from Germany in the 1600’s with the pilgrims and then with them in 1850’s.

On my father’s side I am Italian and Scotish. My great-grandfather Attilio Pedini was born in 1902 in Borgo Santa Maria, a small village on the outskirts of Pesaro. Immigration papers show that Attilio he was registered as an Anarchist. Maybe his political views led him to come to America. He came in through Quebec, Canada into Vermont in 1927. Attilio married my great-grandmother Rose Cavicchi who was also Italian yet born in the U.S. He renounced his loyalty to the Victor Emmanuel III, the king of Italy and became a citizen of the United States. He settled in the town of Mansfield, MA, where many people from the Le Marche Region of Italy (known as Marchegiani) decided to live. Although I know I’m Scottish I don’t know the answers to where when and why they came to the U.S.